JESUS THE TRUE VINE.

DR. JOHN HALL'S NOTES ON THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

Lesson X of the International Series For Sunday, Sept. 5—Golden Text: "I Am the Vine, Ye Are the Branches." John xv, 1-16.

The language of this lesson is more than usually familiar. Perhaps its meaning differs somewhat from the common impression. Let us try to know it, and look for God's blessing with it.

Some have supposed that the company—Jesus and the disciples—going down the steep, outside the wall, saw a vine which suggested this figure. Others have imagined a vine on the wall and its branches by the window bringing up this image; others think "the fruit of the vine" suggested the figure. But the far greater likelihood is that Jesus had in mind the new dispensation he was bringing in, and was rather teaching his disciples what they had to do in it than setting out the simple and great truth regarding union with him which is elsewhere taught. (John xiv, 19.) Now the Hebrews were used to the vine as a description of their church and nation—"a vine out of Egypt," in Ps. lxxx, 8; "the vineyard of the Lord of hosts," in Isa. v, 7; "a noble vine," in Jer. ii, 21, Ezek. xix, 10, etc. But (1) Israel was typical of God's whole church, with Jesus at the head. (2) Israel was, according to Hos. x, 1, an "empty vine," and so removed. It is with reference to the real fruit to be brought forth that Jesus says, "I am the true vine." If he had simply meant to show that a soul must be in him to bear fruit, as a branch in the tree, it would have been enough to say, "I am a vine," or like a vine. But "true" implies the reality as distinguished from types and figures, just as we may say, "Christ is the true paschal lamb." (See John vi, 32.) He joins himself and the church in one for reasons that will appear. This is not surprising. It is only in another form the truth of Christ the head, and the whole body joined to him, as in Eph. iv, 14-16. He is as such the true Israel, the true "seed of Abraham." For the purpose of being a blessing to all the world, he and his people are one. So he represents the Father as husbandman to him, and his people as in him. This, of course, is not of him as the Son of God, but as one with his Church. Of him by himself God is not the husbandman. But he cares for the mystical body of which he is the head. (See I Cor., iii, 9.)

This should be noted at the outset. The need of a soul being joined to Christ for salvation, they had learned (v. 3). He is now teaching them concerning the church they were to found. Jesus and his church make one great tree, for which the Father cares. While the words include spiritual truths we all need to know, they were meant first and most for the men who were to represent him after he was gone.

V. 1. "I am the true vine." The Hebrew economy was the shadow. The substance is now here. God the Father in making the covenant and giving His Son planted this vine, and as a "husbandman" (vines were what grain crops now are) cares for the vine he planted, prunes it (v. 2), desires it to be fruitful (v. 5), throws away the dead, useless branches (v. 6), does all that is for the good of the tree (v. 7), and has credit when much fruit is borne. So the Father (v. 8) does with his people.

V. 2. The "branch" may be a section of the church, or a family, or an individual. If it bear not fruit (see for "fruit" Heb. xii, 11; Gal. v, 24-25), it is taken away. The candlestick of a fruitless church will be removed (Rev. ii, 5). Ungodly families like Jeroboam's are broken off. Faithless individuals like Judas, who had "gone out," and who was probably in Christ's mind, go to destruction (See Matt. vii, 21; Rev. iii, 1-3; Acts i, 17-20.) So the question, Is such and such a denomination a branch of the church? is not so important as this, Is it fruitful? So a family in the church, bearing no fruit, will be taken away—lose its advantages. So a dead professor will be cast out.

So also the fruit bearing branches are purged, cleansed, as by trials, to make them more fruitful. (See as proofs and examples Rev. iii, 19; Heb. xii, 11; II Pet. ii, 8.) This is the training we need.

V. 3. The disciples had been trained—"clean"—so as to be fit for their place through the teaching he had given them. They were engrafted, had believed his word, and been in part made good spiritual men by it. (See I Pet. i, 22.)

V. 4. That this is the meaning is clear from v. 4, in connection with v. 7. "Keep believing what I have told you; so let me by my words abide in you." This word from him in them is counterpart of the union between branch and stem in the vine. Cut off the branch and there is no fruit. Take God's word out of men's hearts and they obey self, the world and the devil. (See I John iii, 24 and Gal. ii, 20.)

V. 5, emphasizes this and drops the figure, "without me," etc. See Hos. xiv, 8, "from me is thy fruit found." Take, as an example of this, Paul in Phil. i, 11.

V. 6 expands the idea of v. 2, "taketh away." They need not wonder at Judas' course. When a man, no matter what he professed, no longer believes in Christ's word, he no more does Christ's work. He is like the withered, dead branches which men gather and burn. (See Matt. iii, 10.) On the other hand

(V. 7), if they have his word in them, they are of one mind with him and shall ask and get what they will. It is safe to give this privilege to those who believe as God says. It is like leaving the keys with a son or a true servant. "He will do nothing but what I would do," says the trusting parent or master.

V. 8 is to be read thus: "I have been glorifying my Father on the earth, but, as you know, I am going away. You remain here; as you preach, live and work as I have done, you glorify my Father, and will thus be seen to be my disciples—to be continuing what I had in hand, under my teaching." (See Phil. i, 11 and John viii, 31.) Then our Lord gives instructions as to duty, privilege and encouragement in the place which he has shown them they are to occupy.

V. 9. "The Father loved me, made me his representative to menr so I have loved you and make you my representatives. Continue ye in my love." (See Jude xx, 21.) So a good father dying might say to his boys, "You know how I loved you, and what I wished to have you be and do. Keep on that same line always."

V. 10 expands this idea. The way to abide in the Saviour's love is to do his will. So Jesus, as God's "righteous servant," abode in his love. He could look up and say, "Not my will but thine be done." "The cup that my Father hath given me shall, I not drink it?" So are they to do.

V. 11. He was going away. His presence gave them joy, but if they kept His words in their hearts and did them, His "joy"—the joy His presence gave them—would continue theirs and be full. It made Stephen's face shine. It made Paul and Silas sing praises in prison. It made saints glory in tribulation. "Joy in the Holy Ghost"—the same thing—is the third element in the kingdom of God within men (Rom. xiv, 17).

V. 12. Branches in the same vine are one thing to one another. So God's servants under the same Master are related, and are to love one another. Love is patient, gentle, generous. It prompts to forgiveness. It enlarges, it puts self, and makes us the servants of the Beloved. Hence Christ's "new" commandment. The law said "Love thy neighbor as thyself." I say "Love as I have loved you." This is "new" indeed. So we see in

(V. 13), which needs no explanation but the fact of John x, 11. It is only because he is speaking to them in so close and tender a way—forgetting all the past, as it were—that he says "friends." In point of fact, it was for "enemies" (Ps. v, 8) he gave his life. Hence he adds

(V. 14), "Ye are," not "ye will become," but "ye will be sure to be my friends, if ye do," etc. The word "friends," in v. 13, suggests this and leads up to it, and v. 15 makes the idea clearer and gives a fresh reason for their appreciating his love. He is not treating them as "servants," though they were so, but as "friends," for he is taking them into his confidence, unfolding his plans and giving them to know his father's mind as he was carrying it out in the world. No better explanation of this can be given than we have in Gal. iv, 5-7. The fullness of the time had come, and they were not at a distance; not servants, but sons. God was doing with them as with Abraham. (See Gen. xviii, 17.)

V. 16. A further reason for their valuing his love is that it drew them to him. He chose and ordained them, made them his special servants that they should go and bear fruit, abiding fruit. The apostolic doctrine and apostolic ways "remain"—now in the Nineteenth century. He gave them in that same love the right and power of prayer, as explained in v. 7. While they moved on the lines he laid for them and in the right spirit, they would find God the hearer of prayer. (See in illustration Acts ii.)

Some teachers may find it easier than the explanation of each verse to take the topics, the vine, the husbandman, the branches of two kinds, the oneness of vine and branches, the kind of fruit to be borne.

Learn—(1) We may be in the church visible and yet not in heaven. We may be unfruitful, withered, dead branches.

(2) Afflictions are not proofs of God's anger, but to God's people proofs of love. He is cleansing the branches for more fruit,

(3) The word of God is vital; it must be in us as the sap of the tree in its branches, if they are to live and bear.

(4) The branch bears fruit after its kind—love like Christ's to the Father and to one another, joy and holy obedience.—The Sunday School World.

Sunday School Teaching.

When we take up the calling inconsiderately or thoughtlessly, we are in danger of treating this great work with too much indifference. This is the reason why so many continue for a brief time in the Sunday school and then leave it. I fear such superficial workers did not count the cost. "No man, having put his hand to the plow, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God." The present day requires teachers who will work with zeal, discretion, patience, firmness, prayerfulness and studiousness, having the Master's help very near. Thus Sunday school teachers will become mighty instruments in the hands of the Saviour; in all their efforts they will produce a powerful influence over their scholars. We require more teachers having such qualities. The Sunday school needs steady, persevering work from teachers who have a solemn consideration of the responsibility of the work, as those who have to give account. Our lessons and addresses and discipline in the Sunday school should mean that we are in earnest, as engaged in work of the highest importance. We must not think that anything will do for the Sunday school, whose chief aim is for the salvation of the young. When we consider the greatness of the Saviour's love in coming into the world to die the dreadful death of the cross to reconcile man to His Father, we may very soon see the importance and character of the work we co-operate in. The redemption of man was a stupendous and infinite work which the Saviour achieved. We, his servants, should labor with prayerful and solemn consideration. The Sunday school is a nursery for the training of the young immortals for an eternal destiny. The reward to the faithful will be glorious in a better world. Yes, an imperishable crown, which will never fade away, eternal in the heavens.

It behooves every Sunday school teacher, in consideration of the vastness of the work, to deeply consider what is necessary, when he takes the teacher's chair. Let me say that first of all, Jesus must dwell in our hearts, having the control of their workings and aspirations. Keeping close to the Master, and receiving his help, his Spirit, the wisdom he is able to give, we shall gain greater influence over our scholars, and in God's hands win them as trophies for the Redeemer, to shine forever and ever.—Thomas Heath, Plymouth, Eng.

Sunday Schools in the Adirondacks.

A very worthy member of the Society of Friends, who is familiarly called the Quaker missionary of the American Sunday School Union, writes to the primary class of a Congregational Sunday school in Brooklyn, of his work among the Adirondack mountains, where so many go for health:

"My dear little helpers: after organizing a Union Sunday school, I promised a pretty card to every scholar that would bring me a dollar for the library. One little girl said, 'Well, I know grandpa is awful tight, but I am going to try to love a dollar out of him some way.'"

To the Sunday school of Plymouth Congregational Church, Brooklyn, he writes of meeting a hermit who has lived alone among the mountains for thirty years, on corn meal and water, but has given 2,300 large Testaments to such as would agree to read in them every day.

To the Gospel Chapel Sunday school he writes: "As I drove up in front of a grog shop a man said, 'Mister, you need a revolver more'n a Bible up here; nary a Christian here. We don't go much on 'ligion; rather have a keg of beer and a dance.' This community was a by-word—'Nothing worse this side of Africa.'" But the missionary started three schools in that neighborhood and round about.

All the Gold on Earth.

Some one with a mathematical mind has figured it out that all the gold on earth to-day, in whatever shape—that is, mined gold, or, to put it plainer, the gold in use in all nations and the product of all ages—if welded in one mass, would be contained in a cube of less than thirty feet.—Exchange.

The Earth's Inhabitants.

All the people now living in the world—say 1,400,000,000—could find standing room within the limits of a field ten miles square, and by aid of a telephone could be addressed by a single speaker. In a field twenty miles square they could all be comfortably seated.—The Argonaut.

A GARDEN STORY.

I.

The story began on a piece of ground, or perhaps I ought to say, in it, where there had been a flower garden for years and years, of the most old-fashioned sort. It always seemed in the spring as if nobody need touch it, as if all the flowers had come up and blossomed so many times that they might be left alone to look after themselves.

She would not have a man about that part of her small domain—not she! Old Mike O'Brien had been a gardener to a lord in his native country, and might be trusted to take the whole care of her short rows of beans and forty hills of potatoes; but she never could let him loose among the flower beds—only once—when she had to spend a great deal of time with a sick sister, and gave him patterns of three kinds of weeds which he might pool; even then, scornful as he was of her directions, she found the top of one of her best lilies, and nearly all the sprouts of her favorite mist-plant lying with the pig-weed and rag-weed on the garden walk.

Sometimes she got very tired; but after all it was very good for her to spend so much time out of doors, and she had the prettiest sweet peas, and poppies, and marigolds, in town. It was her one great luxury and pleasure, and one friend after another found a chance to give her a rare bulb, or a slip from a new geranium, or some rare flower seeds, as the years went by.

The minister's wife had a very rich cousin near Boston, who lived in a fine place, and was mistress of a hot-house. Miss Dunning had once succeeded in making something bloom that the cousin's gardener had failed to persuade into flowering, and there had been more than one message and tribute pass to and fro. It was a great triumph, and Miss Dunning was asked to write her course of treatment for the gardener's benefit.

The only pain she ever had all summer in regard to her little garden, was her fear lest she should be indulging herself selfishly. She really did spend too much, according to her slender means, in this gratification. She knew that there were other ways in which the money might do more good, and if a contribution box passed her by in church after she had been buying a new rose or a named geranium of high degree, she felt as guilty as if she had directly robbed it, and had been caught, by the deacons.

But, dear soul! she tried in many ways to give as many people as possible a share in her joy, and the whole country village was the better for her beloved flower garden. Sick people and little children were sure to have enough of posies; the pulpit in the old meeting house was adorned Sunday after Sunday. There was never a bride or a funeral in Littletown that did not depend, more or less, summer or winter, upon Miss Dunning's store of blossoms.

This year she had added to her benefactions. She had sent her name to Boston as one kind soul who would give a little child her blessed country week.

"No boys," Miss Ann had written in her plainest hand, with two or three underlinings, and if she had picked Boston all over she could not have found a little maid that was more to her mind than the one who fell to her share.

She had said she would be ready any time after the first of June; and she was a little dismayed to be taked at her word. She wished that she could at least have got her weeding done; but the spring had been very late.

On the first of June itself, she had gone to the depot to meet the unknown visitor, and the little white house was put in as careful order for the reception of small Peggy McAllister as if she had been Queen Victoria herself.

II.

Three ladies had read Miss Dunning's letter together in Boston, and had smiled at it a little. The "No Boys" had diverted one of them particularly, and she instantly began to make a little picture for herself of the dear old-fashioned country-woman who had writlen the prim note.

"I can see just how neat and nice the little house is, and I know what grows in her garden. We must keep that place for a very deserving little person. I really should love to spend a week with Miss Ann Dunning myself!"

"I believe I know just the right child, now," said one of the ladies. "I was at the Blank street hospital, yesterday, and one of the sisters spoke to me about a child for whom she evidently had a great affection; a little Scotch girl—at least her father and mother were from Scotland, originally. They had both died and an aunt took Peggy. The sisters sent for her so I could see her. The aunt and the child were brought to the hospital sick, early this spring, and the poor woman died, but Peggy remains behind. Sister Helen asked me if I couldn't find somebody who would like to adopt her. She said she had been so dear and useful they should hardly know how to do without her; but it is really no place for her at the hospital. I thought she had a sweet, wise little face, but she needs sun and air now. I never thought of the country week! Do let us send her. Something may come of it!"

"This seems to be the very place," said the first speaker, smiling. They were used to Mrs. West's enthusiastic descriptions of people, and to the sensible promptings of her warm heart.

"I am going through Blank street on my way home," said one of Peggy's would-be benefactors, "and I will see Sister Helen about it. If your Peggy comes back we will try to find her a better friend."

Poor, lonely little Peggy! She had begun to wonder what was going to become of her and whether there was really any place for her in such a big, busy world. She had been grieved enough when her aunt's housekeeping was broken up, and when they went to the hospital everything had seemed strange and sad. Now, just as she had learned to feel at home there and to really love sister Helen and two or three of the other kind-faced ladies who nursed the the sick people—yes, and two or three of the sick people themselves—she had found that she must go away, though nobody knew exactly where. She had tried so hard to run errands quickly and to wait upon every one, since she had felt better and had begun to miss her aunt a little less and not to cry about her quite so much. She was a silent, grave little child and old for her years. She hoped if she were very good and gave no trouble that Sister Helen would let her stay. It was, indeed, a great sorrow when she was told about the country week visit. They said it would only be a week, and yet Peggy cried herself to sleep that night. She was to go on Saturday, and Sister Helen was going to take her to the train; but Peggy could not bear to see children go by on the street when she looked out of the hospital window. They were all going home; they had brothers and sisters, she was sure. Nobody guessed in those days how sad this little heart was growing. It would have made the tears come quick to all our eyes if we had known her and had seen the poor child sitting alone on a wide red seat in the cars, bound on her solitary journey. We are so glad that we know already something about Miss Ann Dunning.

III.

Only two business men and Peggy herself were landed by the train at the Littletown station; but all the idlers in the village were there to look at them. The brakeman, to whom Sister Helen had spoken about Peggy, helped her down the car steps very kindly into the middle of the awesome crowd. Then Miss Dunning, who was waiting, too, pushed her way eagerly forward to say:

"This must be the little girl that has come to make me a visit," and tired, bewildered Peggy looked up with brimming eyes into the homely, pleasant face, and said:

"Yes, please," without a doubt or fear.

"I liked her the minute I saw her," Miss Dunning whispered to everybody the next day, going and coming from church with Peggy fast held by the hand. "She's so handy and sensible I don't know as I ever shall send her back. She's got no folks. Come here from the hospital."

And again:

"You'd never take her to be a 9-year-old. She's forever a-watchin' me to try and get what I want and save steps. She set the table as handy as could be last night, two hours after she come—when I was busy cuttin' and bastin' for Miss Farley. You know she was called away to stay with her mother, and has ended up her school?"

After such a promising beginning we need not be surprised that arrangements were made for Peggy's further continuance. And here again were solitary set in families—Miss Dunning, the busy village dressmaker; Peggy, the lonely child who clung to the new friend with double affection, because the little house was in a way so much like the two rooms in which she and her elderly aunt had lived together. What could have been more fitting than their being housemates?

Miss Dunning did not prosper the less though money was not too plenty in a village where there was a younger and more fashionable person busy at her trade, and almost every one of her customers had very few dresses, and made them herself after good Miss Dunning had cut and basted them. But she had some good, generous friends, and at any rate never once thought about Peggy, as she did sometimes about the garden seeds, that she was ashamed to look the contribution box in the face. This brings me back again to the garden.

There was one pleasant June evening just after Peggy came—I know that it had not yet been decided that the visit was to last any more than a week—when the new friends were busy together among the flower-beds. Miss Dunning was right in saying cheerfully that this was a good growing year; flowers and weeds alike were springing up as close together as they could, and just before it was dark the good woman told her little guest that she might take the old hoe and wage war against a velvety growth of seedlings that spread from one side of the path nearly to the other. Nobody had taken the time to attend to the disorderly narrow path, there had been so much to do with transplanting and more important things. Peggy's eyes had shone at her first glimpse of the garden on Sunday morning, and she was proving herself a most apt scholar under Miss Dunning's instructions. She had seen the somewhat neglected hospital garden a few times before she left town, and already knew the names of many plants.

She looked up in unmistakable dismay when Miss Dunning spoke; but she went dutifully to the side of the doorstep and brought the hoe; then she stood still and looked down at the green bit of seedling carpet.

"Hurry up, Peggy!" said brisk Miss Dunning. "It's getting dark, and we arn't near through with what I set myself to do to-night."

"Do you want me to kill them all?" whispered Peggy. "Did you see that they weren't weeds. I could find nice little places over there by the fence."

"Mercy me!" exclaimed Miss Dunning, with great amazement. "We can't save every sprout in she garden. I do have a feelin' for 'em sometimes, but we might just as well let 'em grow up into a wilderness at once."

"They would all bloom and be flowers, wouldn't they?" asked Peggy, timidly. Perhaps the poor child felt as if she had been saved out of just such a crowd that nobody seemed to want. "I wish I could put them in little boxes and take them back to Boston. They would grow, and be so pretty in the hospital."

She spoke as if she were asking the greatest favor in the world.

"I'll give you better things than these," said Mrs. Dunning, with a sudden feeling of desperate jealousy at the mere mention of hospital and Peggy's native city. "Well, you needn't murder the petunys and things to-night, anyway. My back aches and I feel a chill; so we must go in, and you can help me set my bread to rise before we go to bed. 'Tis 8 o'clock now, if it's a minute!"

And Peggy carried the hoe back again with a sigh of relief.

Little the seedling poppies and marigolds and petunias knew about their fate, when they came crowding up together through the rich, hard soil of the footpath that late spring; but this is what happened to them. Who ever thought of saving such lives but quaint little Peggy McAllister? But she dreamed that night about carrying a flower-pot full of small green plants to everybody in the sunny hospital wards, to stand on the tables beside the bed or in the windows, so that all the sick people could watch them grow. She did not know how she could really carry so many; but she was sure Miss Dunning would let her, when she waked up in the morning and thought about the dream.

It took a good deal of courage to ask Miss Dunning at breakfast time, and the kind little dressmaker laughed until Peggy felt that she must have been very foolish.

"It's a reasonable dream enough, certain; but, there! I don't know how I'm ever going to let you go back again, you dear little thing!" she said to Peggy. "I believe I shall keep you all the time, if you like well enough to stay?" and Peggy's wondering face grew rosy for a minute; then she dropped her head and felt as if she were going to cry.

"Oh! please do keep me!" she said, and that was all—dear, anxious, homeless Peggy; and yet she gave a thought at that very moment to Sister Helen, whom she might never see again. But Miss Dunning, too, was very good to her.

A few weeks later a whole company of flower pots that Miss Dunning gathered from her own stores and one or two neighbors', was sent to the hospital in Blank street from Peggy. She had rooted the rescued seedling anew, and tended them patiently until they were growing again. Perhaps some day we will follow their fortunes and see who they bloomed for, and whether they bloomed well. But the happiest day of all was when a long letter came to Peggy from Sister Helen, with many messages in it from the sick people whom she had lovingly remembered in her new country home.

"I declare!" said Miss Dunning, "my garden is worth toiling over. Think of all those folks in Boston being so pleased to have the leavings.—The Independent.

The Young English Lord.

At a coming of age of the heir there is a great celebration. This is of course far more of an event than a meet of the hounds, for it occurs only once in a quarter of a century. It is a feast for tenants and family relatives, intimate friends, and laborers on the estate. The house is crowded with guests, and the neighbors of rank often open their establishments and assist in the hospitality. There are booths and marquees upon the lawn, an ox is roasted whole, beer and wine are abundant, and the best of humor prevails. All classes mingle freely, and the upper tenants are invited to the dining-room. A speech is made by the heir, often on the steps in front of the house, so that more may see and hear than can be crowded under roof or canvas. The father and mother and other relatives stand near, the flag flies over him, the tenantry and retainers cheer, the brothers and sisters are proud, or envious, who can say which? and the young lord feels all his grandeur and importance, perhaps more keenly than ever again.

There is a drive over the estate, which is everywhere decorated with indications of loyal regard; presents are made to the poor and their children; the parish church bells ring, and sometimes even poachers are forgiven or released. At night the great house and the village are illuminated. Everything is done to foster the feudal feeling that still lingers, and the paternal system and influence of the aristocracy are as conspicuous as on any good growing year left in England.—Adam Badeau's Letter.

The Record of a Pigeon.

Eight hundred and sixty-six miles in four and one-fourth days is the record of a Newark pigeon, It was liberated at Montgomery, Ala. This time, it is claimed, is the fastest ever made in the world by a pigeon for 800 miles or over, the best previous record being nine to ten days, also in this country. This bird was hatched April 5th, 1884, from some German military stock. Before it was six months old it flew in different races under club rules, the great distance of 1,582 miles, the last race being from Morgantown, N. C., 535 miles air line, this being the farthest distance young birds were ever shipped. During the season of 1885 it was left at home to do as it pleased. This season the bird was put on the road again. It was flown from Altoona, Pa., for the Verinder prize. It was liberated in rainy weather and did not return fast enough to win. It was again tried in the west, this time from Steubenville, Ohio, 333 miles. The bird did not come home in good speed, but in its race from the south it has nobly redeemed itself.—Chicago Herald.

New Use for Scrap Tin.

It is only within a few years that any use was found for old scrap tin. All efforts to reclaim the tin by smelting were failures. At last some one happened to think that to place it around the outside of the foundation walls of buildings, and to use it beneath the flooring of cellars, would be to render new buildings vermin proof. The plan was tried and was a big success. You can imagine how tired a rat would get trying to burrow through a lot of sharp and jagged tin. The demand for scrap tin during the building season exceeds the supply.—Globe-Democrat.

In the Three Professions.

The number of men in the professions—divinity, law, and medicine—was, in 1880, 254,520, of whom 64,698 were ministers, 64,137 lawyers, and 85,671 physicians and surgeons, 12,314 dentists, and 28,700 pharmacists.

The American colonists of Great Britain have a population of 3,375,000, and a debt of $600,000,000.

JOAQUIN MILLER ON CALIFORNIA.

Irrigation Needful to Increase California's Agricultural Prosperity.

For forty years the American has foolishly fought the Mexican methods of agriculture. He insisted that nature would provide the rain. Indeed, I once heard a preacher, who was fighting rather against the priests than for his followers, insist from the pulpit that it was sinful to irrigate. And his text was that "God sends His rain on the just and the unjust." And so to-day I look away, 300 miles to the south, and see a brown land gleaming and glittering under the precipitate sun, with the unhappy settlers sweltering in 104 degrees of heat. Not a spear of verdure! Not a sign of any green thing, save the solemn and impressive old oaks that dot the boundless scene and shelter the sheep, and cattle, and pigs. But many of the creatures must perish. The valley is, of course, sparsely settled. And how could it be otherwise where we have farms with 60,000 acres!

But away over yonder, beyond the capital, lies the less fertile valley of San Joaquin, green, fruitful, restful; beautiful and bountiful as in middle May. And all this because last year the obstinate American idea succumbed to the Mexican experience of centuries. San Joaquin valley is irrigated.

A poor French family, escaping from death, brought a letter to a friend of mine near here many years ago and settled down on the nearest spot of vacant ground he could find. And that nearest spot was four acres of sand and gravel and chapparal. It was so poor and dusty and dry and withered, men tell me, that even the rabbits would not live there. But it was not more poor or withered than the weary family that had worked its way here on an old sailship coming out from Liverpool for grain. And so they sat down on these four dry and dusty heaps of sand and stone to stay. Let us pass over the wretchedness of the first year, during which time the man dug a well, put in a windmill, raised a rivulet of water, and then planted his stoneheaps in blackberries.

Briefly, his four acres is to-day a big fortune. It is, literally, every inch a garden! And these four acres are all that this man can handle or cares to have. His one acre of meadow produces six crops of alfalfa a year. He now has cows, horses, pigs. In fact, he gets more out of these four acres of sand and gravel than my good friend, Gen. Bidwell, gets out of any forty acres of all his 65,000. And this is the way for Californians to make California populous and profitable—to cure the country of tramps and communists. And I now propose the greatest scheme on this continent. Look at the map. Like a new moon the vast level valley of the Sacremento sweeps away from this tip of the upper horn around past the capital, Sacramento City, then down to San Francisco. Well, turn the Sacramento river out of its bed here above Redding and let it flow down and fill the hungry hollow of the moon! Then will the fertility and eternal richness of Egypt be once more with us as of old.

It is all very easy. I urged this same thing years ago, have gone over all the ground, and know what I say. Of course I was laughed at years ago, and derided as a lover of Mexicans, and all that sort of argument. And even now one little paper is pounding me for urging this greatest state measure, and charging me with having come up from Mexico filled with Mexican ideas. But time will settle it all my way and show that I am entirely right. I am very ambitious, however, to shorten the time of suffering for those thirsty and panting brutes that stand in the burning dust under the noble old oaks over all these thousand of square miles down toward San Francisco.

I took a horse and rode out over the hot heaps of "tailings" that lie on the deserted and worked out mines this morning. I found the few farmers who have settled down without first securing water for irrigation not in good heart. Things are burning up where they are not irrigated. But where water flows all things are rank, and full, and fairly tropical. And so let me put down the invitation to this, or, indeed, any part of California, with this qualification: Settle almost anywhere, for the land is all rich, and farm or grow stock, if you can have water. Otherwise it is too much of a lottery. You may strike a "heated term" like this, and have all your apples turned to ashes.

Thirty years ago, when I came here, a great ditch flooded all the place. Water was sold at 75 cents per inch at the head of the sloping mining region. Then it was sold a second, third and fourth time, at scaling or declining figures, till it flowed into the Sacramento near this town. Senator Jones, of Nevada, not long ago tried to restore the great ditch. But after investing a great many thousands he let his noble enterprise stop. And so the whole world is simply scorching and blazing and burning up. Small farmers who hoped the ditch would be restored are sitting by helpless and discouraged. And the sight of them makes me cautious here today. The truth is, if all this country—this side of Arizona, where the great rainfall finds its limits—must pin its future to irrigation. All these great rivers must ultimately flow over these great valleys. Then surely seed-time and harvest-time shall not fail.—Redding (Cal.) Cor. Chicago Times.

Peaks of the Cascade Range.

Of the Cascade Mountains in Oregon and Washington Territory, there are five notable peaks, Mounts Hood, Adams, St. Helen, Tascoma and Baker. Rising almost from a sea level to a hight of from 10,000 to 14,000 feet, isolated and predominant, they are more impressive and beautiful than the prominent peaks of equal hight of the Rocky Mountains, which reach but a few hundred feet above their fellows.—Chicago Herald.

The common potato is full of most dangerous narcotic properties, that are only rendered harmless by the cooking.